

Austin, Texas, 1963
(Dr. Roger Abrahams)

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BAWDY SONGS AND PARODIES

Paul Cameron

Sources:

1. Bob Bowen - Collected in Austin on the 15, Jan., 1963. Born and raised in Jacksboro, Texas. Wrote this down for me when I asked him to. These were all the song verses he knew. Of course he learned these just listening to joke telling sessions and bull sessions.
2. Stanley Stone - added one verse he knew after reading over what I already had.
3. Robbie Sutherland - born in Austin, Texas, but moved to Eagle Pass, Texas, and he attended school there from the eighth grade on through high school. Learned most of these while in high school and from here and there. He showed no hesitation in giving these bawdy songs and remembered more after I had already started this paper.
4. Bill Reagan - raised most of his life in Jacksboro, Texas. Remembered this song after a little prodding. These were the only two verses he knew.

Tim Moeller - Raised in San Antonio, Texas. As stated in the paper he learned these parodies from a whore.

1. "Roll your leg over"

Oh, roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over,
Oh, roll your leg over the man in the moon. (Chorus)

I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus,
and I was the guy with the petrified penis.
Chorus.

I wish all the girls were like fish in a pool,
and I was the shark with the waterproof tool.
Chorus.

I wish all the girls were like fish in the ocean,
And I was the whale that could show them the motion.
Chorus.

I wish all the girls were like bricks in a pile.
And I was a mason; I'd lay them in style.
Chorus.

I wish all the girls were like bats in a steeple,
If I was a bat; there'd be more bats than people.
Chorus.

I wish all the girls were like birds in the sky,
If I was a buzzard, I'd f--k 'til I die.
Chorus.

2. I wish I was a snake
 and all young ladies were foxes
 I'd lay in the grass
 And tickle their boxes.
 Chorus

3. Wish all the girls were like telephone poles
 I'd be a woodpecker and peck at their holes.
 Chorus.

Wish all the young girls were like trees in the forest,
 I'd be a wood chopper and chop their clitoris.
 Chorus.

Wish all young girls were like sweet little foxes
 I'd be a grass snake and tickle their boxes.
 Chorus.

"Tie my root around a tree"

4. My wife took a pill and headed for the door.
 Her bowels overtook her and she fertilized the floor.
 She slid around the corner on the nipple of her tit
 and brushed her teeth with jaybird shit.
 Tie my root around a tree, around a tree, round a tree
 Tie my root around a tree, round a tree. (Chorus)

She shit on the door knob
 She shit on the key
 If I hadn't moved she'd a shit on me.
 Chorus.

3. Momma's on the bottom
 Poppa's on the top
 Junior's in the middle
 Saying slip it to her pop.
 It's the dirty, dirty boogie all night long
 It's the dirty, dirty boogie same old song. (Chorus)

Momma's in the whore house
 Poppa's in jail
 Sister on the corner
 Yelling pussy for sale.
 Chorus.

My father makes book on the corner
 My mother sells bath tub gin
 My sister sells love for dollar
 My God how the money rolls in.
 Roll's in, rolls in
 My God how the money rolls in, rolls in.
 Rolls in, rolls in
 My God how the money rolls in. (Chorus)

3. Grandmother sells used prophylactics
 She punctures the head with a pin
 Grandfather gets rich on abortions
 My God how the money rolls in.
 Chorus.

My uncle is a poor missionary
 He saves fallen girls from sin
 He'll save you a blond for five dollars
 My God how the money rolls in.
 Chorus.

"Walking down Canal Street" - old Aggie song he learned in Garner park from an Aggie friend.

Walking down Canal street knocking on every door
 And I'll be a son of a bitch if I could find a whore.
 Frim, fram, bim, bam
 Who the hell are we?
 Squadron four the first in the corps
 The pride of AMC. (Chorus)

Finally found a whore
 She was tall and slim
 And I'll be a son of a bitch
 If I could get it in.
 Chorus.

Finally got it in
 Wiggled it about
 And I'll be a son of a bitch
 If I could get it out.
 Chorus.

Finally got it out
 It was small and thin
 I'll be a son of a bitch
 If I'll ever f--k again.
 Chorus.

When I'm in the mood for love
 simply because you're near me
 Funny, but...Funny Butt!?

Small part of a traditional Mexican song translated:

"If a dove comes to your window
 Kill it because it will shit on you."
 (Robbie said that there was a whole series of these songs which begin something like the above but have different endings. Of course they are more effective in Spanish.)

"Roll me over in the Clover"

"Roll me over in the Clover"

3. Oh this is number one and my song is just begun
 Roll me over lay me down and do it again,
 Roll me over lay me down and do it again. (Chorus)

This is number two
 And my hand is upon her shoe
 Chorus

This is number three
 And my hand's upon her knee
 Chorus

This is number four
 And I'm knocking on the door
 Chorus

This is number five
 and my hand's upon her thigh
 Chorus

This is number six
 And I'm beginning to get my kicks
 Chorus

This is number seven
 I'm half way to heaven
 Chorus

This is number eight
 And I'm opening up the gate
 Chorus

This is number nine
 And I'm really feeling fine
 Chorus

This is number ten
 And my song is at an end.
 Chorus.

Gee, but it's great after eating your date,
 Dragging her body back home.

1. In the shade of the old model T
 Twas there she first showed it to me
 It was hairy and black and she called it her crack,
 But it looked like a manhole to me.
 I pulled out my forty foot pole and shoved it up her manhole.
 She let out a scream as I fed her the cream, in the shade of the old
 Model T. Sung by the whore house sextet. Knee deep in shit.

Received from Jim Jago and is to be used when the person with whom a person is having a conversation is using too large of words.

Scintillate, scintillate gobule vurific,
How I fathom thy nature specific,
Distantly poised in the ether capacious,
Faintly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

The following parodies and narratives were given to me by Tim Moeller who learned them from a whore when he was in junior high.

Twas the night of the king's castration. All the knights were seated around the round table shooting camel crap because bull shit hadn't been invented in those days. In walks Daniel with his balls flung over his left shoulder. "Hole," said Daniel. "What hole?" asked the king. "Asshole," said Daniel. This displeased the king greatly and he had Daniel thrown into the lions' den. One of the lions started nibbling on his left nut. "It tickles," said Daniel. "What tickles?" said the king. "Testicles," said Daniel. This pleased the king greatly and had Daniel come forth. But Daniel slipped on a lion's turd and came fifth. Crap went flying everywhere. A piece hit the king in the eye. "Oh, shit!" yelled the king. Twenty thousand loyal citizens dropped their pants to their knees and started to grunt and groan, but only a few farts came forth cause constipation was prevalent in those days. "Where's the maiden?" asked the king. "She's in the parlor drinking tea?" What kind of tea? S-H-I-T. "Where's the prince?" He's in the tower recapping his rubber. "Where's the princess?" She's in bed with tonsilitus. "Tonsilitus!" Get that dirty bastard out of there." "Where's the Queen?" asked the king. "Ah, fuck the queen." Twenty thousand loyal citizens were killed in the onrush, for in those days the king's word was law. When the king reached the Queen's quarter, he found her lying on her stomach. "Roll over my dear." "I'll get fucked if I do." "You'll get cornholed if you don't."

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in one of the klondike halls and the jink who tickled the music box was slowly scratching his balls. Faro kid, hand on the box of a lady known as Lou, while down on the floor on top a whore lay dangerous Dan McGrew. Out of the night, which was dark as a bitch, into that hole came a dirty prick from the fork of the creek with a ten months load in pole. His pants were split and cock full of shit as he seated himself on a keg. And his balls hung low and swung to and fro with every move of his leg. His face was red as a baboon's ass as the passion within him burned when he hauled out his cock to show the flock, everyone's asshole squirmed. In his dirty old clothes he sat ready to hose any bitch that came his way, and he beat his cock with a piece of rock and said, "I want to play." He made one pass at the barkeep's ass but he missed him by a hair. The barkeep howled and the stranger growled and his voice was like that of a bear. The lights went out and we sprang for the door and the stranger leaped in the dark, but his aim was true

and the sparks they flew as his tallywacker found its mark. The lights went on and the stranger rose with a satisfied look on his pan, while pitched on the floor with his asshole tore, lay poor old cornholed Dan.

I received an invitation
from the board of sexuation
to perform an operation
On a woman's constipation
I took my peteration
Stuck it in the hole of admiration
and increased the population
of the younger generation.

Casey Jones was a son of a bitch.
He drove his train in a whore house ditch
ran up the stairs with his dick in his hand
Said pardon me ladies, I'm a railroad man.
He lined a hundred against the wall,
Swore to God he'd fuck'em all.
 Fucked ninety-eight till his balls turned blue
Backed off, jacked off, and fucked the other two.
Now there's four things I want to ride before I die.
Bicycle, tricycle, automobile,
And a bowlegged woman on a ferris wheel.